Vol. IV. NO. 51.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

PRINTED BY JOHN W. SCOTT, *No. 27, BANK-STREET, (Back of No. 73, CHESNUT-STREET)*
Where Subscriptions, and Literary Communications, will be thankfully received.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1804.

SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY;

OR,

THE FORTUNATE MOMENT.

POETS and Philosophers have universally agreed, that the country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of innocence. But this truth has been oftener pronounced as a mere *ipse dixit*, arising from choice or opinion, than as a demonstrable problem, proceeding from natural causes, which necessarily produce their effect.

Happiness and virtue are twins, which can never be divided; they are born and flourish, or sicken and die together. They are the joint offspring of good-sense and innocence, and while they continue under the guidance of such parents, they are invulnerable to injury and incapable of decay.

This allegory can scarcely want explanation, even to the simplest mind; for every one will readily admit that good sense will be less sophisticated in the calmness of rural retirement, than amidst the noise and bustle of a city, where every sober thought is hurried away by the torrent of fashion, and swallowed up in the whirlpool of giddiness and dissipation. Nor can it admit of a doubt, but that innocence will be more likely to preserve its purity, where it is least liable to temptation. But if this does not sufficiently demonstrate the proposition, the following Tale may serve more fully to illustrate it. For as theory without experiment is intitled to no credit in philosophy, so is precept without example of as little avail in morals.

Sir William Sidney had been married about three years to one of the most lovely and amiable women that this country or any other ever produced. They had long been the objects of each other's choice, and, when united, were either the delight or envy of all who knew them.

About this æra an unjust attack upon a very considerable part of his estate, obliged him to defend his property by law; and he was of course under a necessity of going to London to solicit his suit. It was impossible he could think of being separated from his beloved Julia; she could as ill support his absence; they, therefore, mutually agreed to quit their peaceful retirement together, and take a house in town till their affairs were finally adjusted. She brought two lovely infants with her, determined that the care of their health and education should be the principal object of her attention, and their innocent blandishments the chief source of her amusement, during this excursion.

At their first coming to town, Sir William was obliged to pass much of his time with his lawyers, but always returned with a delighted heart and cheerful countenance to the happiness that awaited him in the society of an elegant and fond wife and his beautiful children.

In the course of his business, he became acquainted with an agreeable young barrister of the name of Wilson, who was reckoned a man of parts, and uncommonly eminent in his profession; he had a pleasing person and engaging address, with an appearance and countenance calculated to inspire confidence.

Under this fascinating masque this wretch concealed one of the vilest hearts that ever yet disgraced human nature. Upon his first introduction to Lady Sidney, he formed a plan for her seduction; but when, upon a more intimate acquaintance, he found her virtue guarded by the tenderest attachment to her husband, he changed his battery, and resolved to complete the ruin of this happy pair, by detaching Sir William's affections from his amiable wife.

He began by expressing his astonishment to Sir William at their mutual fondness, upon hearing they had been married near four years, talked of the charms of variety, and of the misery of confining affection to a particular object. Sir William seemed at first rather disgusted at this common-place conversation; but as constant dropping wears the marble, this kind of discourse, aided by wit and raillery, at length produced its effect so far as to make Sir William cautious of expressing his tenderness for his wife or children before Mr. Wilson.

Lovers have lynxes eyes, and even this little change in the husband's manners quickly alarmed the anxious heart of Julia. Unused to disguise a thought from him, she expressed her apprehension of having unwittingly offended; but Sir William quickly removed her delicate fears, by the tenderest assurances of his love and constancy; but observed, that it was unfashionable in London to show the same degree of fondness and attention towards each other, which they had been used to indulge in the country.—"Then, would to Heaven (said Julia, smiling through her tears) that I had never quitted it." He kissed away the pearly drops that glistened in her eyes, and Lady Sidney's happiness and confidence returned.

Though Wilson had been originally possessed of a sufficient patrimony, which was rendered more affluent from his profession, he was at this crisis become necessitous to the last degree.—His extravagance had long since dissipated the

first, nor could the latter support his debauched manner of living. Upon various pretences of unexpected calls for his clients, he had frequently borrowed pretty large sums from Sir William, though he was convinced that he would lose his suit, and of course be under a necessity of requiring immediate repayment.

This, however, did not deter him from proceeding in his base design; he thought he had already gained some ground in his pursuit, and he resolved to hurry his victim on even to the gulph of misery. One morning that Wilson had invited Sir William to breakfast with him at his chambers, he was surprised, on his entrance, with seeing the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld, with some parchments in her hands sitting by Wilson; she was dressed in weeds, and did not appear to be above eighteen years old—Sir William would have retired immediately, but Wilson, with an unembarrassed air, begged him to walk in, saying, he could make free with Mrs. Herbert, as she was both his cousin and his client, and hoped the Baronet was not so straitlaced as to fly from a pretty woman, though Lady Sidney was not of the party.

The freedom of this address excited Sir William's gallantry towards the lady, who received it with the ease and politeness of a woman who had lived in the world; and the conversation became so interesting, that the clock struck three before any of the party thought of separating.

On Sir William's return home, his thoughts were entirely taken up by the beauty and vivacity of the young widow. Lady Sidney was near lying-in, and happened on that day to be confined to her chamber; so he had nothing to interrupt his reverie, and continued to indulge it, till he was roused from it by Wilson calling upon him, about seven in the evening. Their conversation immediately turned upon Mrs. Herbert whom Wilson said he had dined with, and that she had never ceased talking of the happiness Lady Sidney must possess in being blessed with such a husband:—"For, added he, I have been describing you as a paragon of conjugal constancy."

Where is the mortal proof against flattery! The unhappy Sidney became its victim, even whilst it was undermining the virtue which it seemed to praise.

During the time of Lady Sidney's confinement, Wilson took particular care that Sir William should not waste his days in solitude; he contrived perpetual parties of pleasure, so artfully, as almost to make them appear the effect of accident, least Sir William's remaining tenderness should have been alarmed at a continued scene of dissipation, and negligence towards his wife. In all these interviews, the lovely, lively widow Herbert was the principal object; and in order to apologize to Sir William for her uncharacteristic vivacity, she forged a tale of having been compelled to marry an old wretch, who used her ill when living, and dying left her poor. This last circumstance excited the generosity of her lover, as he was now become; he gave with profusion, and she accepted with avidity, till his circumstances became shortly so much distressed, that he was obliged to make a reform in his family, by reducing the number of his domestics, and laying down his coach.

The neglected and unhappy Lady Sidney languished away her hours in useless regret for the absence of her husband; he seldom saw her; he was out early, and came home late; and even in those moments when she would request to see him, even at the hazard of her rest, his short stay was marked by impatience, and his enquiries after her health expressed in such a manner, as if he seemed not to desire an answer.

Too quickly she perceived the loss of her happiness in that of his love, yet did she never once attempt to make him wretched, by lamenting her sufferings, or upbraiding his unkindness.—"Sir William's heart is good and generous, (would she often say to herself;) and though, by fascination, for it must be such, estranged for the present from me and my children, nature will yet recover its rights, and his affections will return to us, perhaps endeared by their temporary intermission.

Notwithstanding the sense, virtue, and resolution of her conduct, grief preyed upon her tender frame, and she fell into a consumption, which it was supposed would terminate her life in a few months. Sir William was not so totally lost to the feelings of humanity, as not to be affected at seeing her decline; he wished to behave with kindness towards her; but whenever he beheld her, his conscience smote him, as the cause of her sufferings, and he endeavored to fly from her and himself into the arms of dissipation and vice. His concern for Julia was absorbed by Mrs. Herbert's gaiety; and the distress of his circumstances received temporary relief by Wilson's fertility in expedients. The loss of his law-suit, however, putting an end to the latter, he was besieged by his creditors, and their clamours rendered his home as uneasy to him, as it had before become unpleasing.

The tender, the neglected Lady Sidney saw and pitied his distress, and with a firmness which virtue alone can bestow, proposed to him what he wanted courage to require from her, the selling of her jointure, in order to accommodate his difficulties. She assured him she felt infallible signs of her approaching dissolution, and that therefore she should not need the generous provision he had made for her; but that if any thing could restore her health, it would be the transport she should feel at having it in her power to contribute to his happiness.

Sir William could not support such unmerited goodness; he threw himself at her feet, declared himself unworthy of her tenderness, and promised that his future life should atone for his past errors. She flew into his arms; he pressed her to his heart, embraced his children, and once more experienced the sincere delight of an husband and a father.

The only difficulty now remaining was to break off with the still charming Mrs Herbert. He was resolved to part from her, but that separation should be gentle. Little did he know that Mrs. Herbert's thorough knowledge of his distressed circumstances had rendered him perfectly indifferent to her, and that she heartily wished for an opportunity to get rid of the engagement, without any seeming rapture on her part.

Fortune, at that instant, played one of her extaordirary gambols, and introduced a young man just arrived from India, to the acquaintance of Mrs. Herbert. In the course of their conversation he told her, that a gentleman had died in the ship that brought him over, who was supposed to be worth about a million of rupees, and that he had left his whole fortune to a niece of his, who was called Lady Sidney. This intelligence instantly changed Mrs. Herbert's sentiments toward Sir William, and attached her more strongly to him than ever; she was therefore greatly afflicted, when he, with faultering tongue and downcast eyes, informed her that he was come to take an everlasting leave of her.

She burst into tears, threw herself at his feet, commended his virtue, lamented the tenderness of her attachment to him, which could end but with her life; and begged, that in order to soothe her

scruples, and prove that he had really loved her, he would consent to sign a promise, that if it should ever be in his power to marry her, he would do so, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds. He was at first startled at the proposal, but he still loved her, and would at that moment have fulfilled the promise she exacted, had it been in his power. Her tears and blandishments prevailed, and the too infatuated baronet signed the article, which Wilson had prepared.

Her point so far gained, this artful woman and her vile accomplice, Wilson, were impatient for the total accomplishment of their designs, by hastening Lady Sidney's death. They provided a poisonous drug for her, which Wilson undertook to persuade Sir William was almost a panacea in consumptions, and begged of him to prevail upon his wife to take it. The unsuspecting husband fell into the snare, and the drug was accordingly prepared for the innocent Julia.

But providence would not suffer their wicked designs to succeed. Mrs. Herbert's maid had overheard the infernal accomplices discoursing of the deed, and seen them mix the deadly potion; and being struck with remorse, flew to Sir William Sindney's house and revealed the dreadful secret to Lady Sidney's woman. The faithful creature trembled at the horrid tale, and when her lady called for the supposed medicine, refused to deliver it into her hands, and acquainted her with what she had just heard.

The terrified Julia too easily conceived that her husband must necessarily be an accomplice in this crime, else wherefore should Mrs. Herbert or Wilson wish her death? "If it be so, (said she to her maid) Maria, I have no wish to live, and will obey my fate. The bane of life is an antidote to all its ills; and, Oh, I charge you, by all you hold most sacred, never to reveal this fatal secret, nor let my cruel husband suffer for his crimes to me, more than his conscience shall inflict upon him. Now, bring my children to me; let me embrace and clasp them to my dying bosom, and recommend them with my parting breath to the protecting care of Heaven. Alas! they will soon have no earthly friend; they have no father! or sure he would not wish to rob them of a mother's fostering care.

The painful parting with her children past, she forced the poison from her weeping maid, and raising up her eyes to Heaven, implored forgiveness for her cruel husband, and blessings on her children; then bent her lips to meet the fatal draught, which she was sure would give her endless peace.

At that instant Sir William, pale, frantic, and almost breathless, rushed into the chamber; he snatched the envenomed drug from her weak hand, and dashed it to the ground. "Oh, have I saved you!" he exclaimed, and sunk upon the bed beside her.

When his returning sense would give him leave, he prostrated himself upon the earth, and returned thanks to Heaven, for having been the instrument of his beloved wife's preservation.

Returning home he had met Mrs. Herbert's maid, who had acquainted him with the horrid particulars already related, and he had flown to save his Julia. When reconciled to her, his next emotion was that of just resentment. He sent for an officer of justice to seize Mrs. Herbert and Wilson, but their guilty souls had taken the alarm at her maid's long absence, and they were both fled. Wilson was some years after broke upon the wheel for a murderer at Paris, and his fair, but wicked associate died at a premature old age of want and misery.

Sir William now entirely cured of his delirium, after receiving his Indian legacy, and settling his affairs, returned with his amiable wife into the country, where peace and affluence soon restored her health; and where they still continue, in the midst of their lovely family, living proofs of the maxim first laid down, "That the country is the native soil of happiness, as being the scene and nurse of innocence."

SKETCH FROM NATURE.

CALLING the other day to see a friend, I found, that during my absence, he had been made happy by the birth of a son, the first child with which his lovely partner had blessed him;—With an honest ardor he insisted on introducing me to the apartment of his wife—The laws of custom gave way to the desire of friendship, and I attended him.—With pensive look and down-cast eye the tender mother sat smiling upon the babe; her cheek had lost its wonted dye; but upon seeing me it was tinged with a momentary flush—what interesting softness! A most enchanting languor hung upon her frame; the tear of tenderness shone in her eye, while still she smiled on her babe;—As the father entered the room he stole a glance towards his treasure, he thought himself unnoticed—it was the look of love and tenderness ineffable—it was all the feeling mind can possibly conceive;—She chid him for bringing me to witness her situation;—it was the chiding of love; he answered with a kiss.—Imagination brought this scene home to me; I before felt that purest of pleasures which proceeds from seeing others happy; but when Anna's image (which is always with me) was viewed in this light: I was lost and ere I was aware, I found the most *generous tear that flowed from the source of sesibility trickling down my cheek.*

Such is the inexpressible pleasure which a sympathetic mind derives from virtuous love.

THE TUNEFUL TAYLORS.

The effect of music on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during a late general mourning. A taylor had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a short space of time—among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always singing *Rule Britania*, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus. The taylor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded the work; in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play the lively tune of *Nancy Dawson*. This had the proper effect—the taylors' elbows moved *obedient to the melody*, and the clothes were sent home within the prescribed period.

A SURPRISE.

At a late trial at Guildhall, between two buckle-makers, on an encroachment made on a patent, Mr. Erskine, as counsel for the plantiff, displayed much rhetoric on the rapid improvement of the *arts*, and mentioned the invention of his client as entitled to public praise, and of course to the protection of law. In conclusion, looking at his own buckles, which were of a new pattern, he exclaimed with all the *warmth* of a *sincere* advocate, "So elegant are these ornaments constructed, that were *my* ancestors to rise from their graves, and happen to observe my feet, how would they be surprised!"—"Very true, my learned brother, (cried Mr. Mingay, who was counsel for the defendant) they would be very much surprised, indeed, to find you had got either *shoes* or *stockings*!"

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY
In August, 1804;
OR,
HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,
ON
HAPPINESS.
(concluded)

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla,	*Juvenia,*	*Lucinda,*	*Vanessa,*
Olivia,	*Marianna,*	*Cecilia,*	*Celestina.*

SCENE—*Banks of the Schuylkill*:—TIME—*Mid-day*

CELESTINA.

LADIES—to all your sentiments sincere,
I've lent a willing and attentive ear:
Permit me, therefore, ere my own be plead,
To take a brief review of all you've said.

Rurilla says, that Happiness resides
Where, with retirement solitude abides;
Olivia answers, that she's found alone
In social life, and active scenes in town;
Juvenia places her in sports, and plays,
And artless innocence of infant days;
While Mariana, all-exultant, strives
To prove, at dancing-school alone she lives;
Lucinda finds her in a bright display
Of charms, accomplishments, and vesture gay;
Cecilia, in Romances, Plays and Tales,
Where Fancy's pleasure o'er life pain prevails;
And last, Vanessa, in what seldom palls
In Concerts, Theatres, Card-parties, Balls.
These, Ladies, are the features of discourse
Which each of you attempted to enforce;
And, in support of which, each warmly strove,
With arguments that should her tenets prove.
Well I've consider'd, well your reasons weigh'd;
But me, not one of all those reasons sway'd:
And now, my own opinion (diff'rent far)
I'll tell, and also what my reasons are.
Here, as my subject, of more serious kind,
Requires a corresponding, serious mind;
I hope, you all will lend attention's ear,
And all my sentiments with candour hear.—

The error, under which, you labour all,
Is that wherein mankind in gen'ral fall;
Who think that Happiness is surely bound
To some one state, there only to be found;
Which, with as much absurdity must strike,
As saying, that we all are form'd alike.
'Tis want of just perception makes us stray;
And, diff'rent as our thoughts, will be our way.
True Happiness springs only from the mind;
And, her in any station we may find,
If honestly we seek;—but if we roam,
We, further and still further go from home:
Her, Young, and Old, and Rich, and Poor may own;
She's perfect in a cot, as on a throne—
'Tis but to answer our creation's end;
To curb our passions, and our tempers mend;
The heart from nature's dross to purify;
And act up to our Being's dignity.
For, thro' the wisdom of th' OMNIFIC MIND,
Man's for two diff'rent states of life design'd;
One of a disciplin'd probation here,
And one of bliss in some etherial sphere:
That but a temp'ral, and to be employ'd
For this eternally to be enjoy'd.
Hence, in good discipline our duty is,
And, *in our duty, all our earthly bliss.*
Duty is, doing all the good we can,
Happy to make our fellow-creature man,
And GOD adoring, as all things above,
For all his mercies, and for all his love.
This nature teaches:—but this shines more bright,
Where immortality is brought to light;
Where, by the impress of a hand divine,
His will,—our duty,—stands in ev'ry line.
There, he that runs may read, and cannot stray;
There only, is the truth,—the life,—the way:
The truth,—that good works only can commend
Us to our GOD, our Father and our Friend:
The life,—that life eternal, those shall prove,
Who his commandments do, his people love;
The way,—the perfect way, that leads on high,
To worlds of blessedness beyond the sky.
Doing his will, his favour we secure,
Which shall through all eternity endure:
His smiles approving, will on earth be giv'n;
His love to us be perfected in heav'n.
This we may call, and with just emphasis,
Man's highest dignity, man's highest bliss;
Which, to the universe proclaim abroad,
The greatness, goodness, glory, of his GOD;
Who, only, as his attributes express,
Is the true source of all true Happiness
We, therefore, in proportion as we trace
This bright exemplar of the brightest grace,
And imitate the pattern, heav'nly-fair,
Of the perfection and the goodness there,
Stamping assimilation on the soul
With him, who is the essence of the whole
So, and so only, in proportion, we
On earth, or e'en in heav'n can happy be.
GOD is the fount and soul of Happiness;
And we, for it, to him alone must press:
All other roads diverge, and lead astray,
Till we no more behold the perfect way;
When, lost in error, and perplexing care,
We quit the search, and sink into despair.
Let those, henceforward, who have sought in vain,
Who found anticipations end in pain;
And those whom sense has fleeting pleasures giv'n,
Who in externals only plac'd their heav'n,
Quick to this everlasting fountain fly,
Whose streams of living waters never dry
Quick to this source and soul of good repair,
They'll find,—TRUE HAPPINESS IS ONLY THERE.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS.—*No. XI.*

CONJUGAL FELICITY,
WITH
STRICTURES ON EDUCATION.

IT merits peculiar attention, that Providence has provided for an agreeable union among all creatures who are taught by nature to pair. Animal love among creatures who pair not, is confined within a narrow space of time: While the dam is occupied about her young, animal love lies dormant, that she may not be abstracted from her duty. In pairing animals, on the contrary, animal love is always awake: Frequent enjoyment endears a pair to each other, and makes constancy a pleasure. Such is the case of the human race; and such is the case of wild birds, that build on trees; the male, after feeding his mate in the nest, plants himself upon the next spray, and cheers her with a song. There are still greater pleasures provided for the human race in the matrimonial state, and stronger incitements to constancy. Sweet is the society of a pair fitted for each other, in whom are collected the affections of husband, wife, lover, friend, the tenderest affections of human nature.

Public government is in perfection, when the sovereign commands with humanity, and the subjects are cordial in their obedience. Private government in conjugal society arrives at still greater perfection, where husband and wife govern and are governed reciprocally, with entire satisfaction to both. The man bears rule over his wife's person and conduct; she bears rule over his inclinations: He governs by law, and she by persuasion. Nor can her authority ever fail where it is supported by sweetness of temper, and zeal, to make him happy.

The empire of the woman, says the celebrated Rousseau, is an empire of softness, of address, of complacency; her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears. She ought to reign in the family like a Minister in the State, by making that which is her inclination be enjoined to her as her duty. Thus it is evident, that the best domestic œconomy is that where the wife has most authority. But when she is insensible to the voice of her chief, when she tries to usurp his prerogative, and to command alone, what can result from such disorder, but misery, scandal, and dishonour?

The Empress Livia being questioned by a married lady, how she had obtained such an ascendant over her husband Augustus, answered 'by being obedient to his commands, by not wishing to know his secrets, and by hiding my knowledge of his amours.' The late queen of Spain was a woman of singular prudence, and of solid judgment. A character of her, published after her death, contains the following passage: 'She had a great ascendency over the king, founded on his persuation of her superior sense, which she shewed in a perfect submission to his commands; the more easily obeyed, as they were commonly, though to him imperceptibly, dictated by herself. She cured him of many foibles, and in a word, was his Minerva, under the appearance of Mentor.'

Matrimony among savages, having no object but propagation and slavery, is a very humbling state for the female sex;

but delicate organization, great sensibility, lively imagination, with sweetness of temper above all, qualify woman for a more dignified society with men; who are to be their bosom friends and companions.

In the common course of European education, young women are trained to make an agreeable figure, and to behave with decency and propriety; very little culture is bestowed on the head, and still less on the heart, if it be not the art of hiding passion. Education so slight and superficial is far from seconding the purpose of nature, that of making women fit companions for men of sense. Due cultivation of the female mind would add greatly to the happiness of males, and still more to that of females. Time runs on; and, when youth and beauty vanish, a fine lady, who never entertained a thought into which an admirer did not enter, finds in herself a lamentable void, occasioning discontent and peevishness. But a woman who has merit, improved by virtuous and refined education, retains in her decline an influence over the men, more flattering than even that of beauty: She is the delight of her friends, as formerly of her admirers.

Admirable would be the effects of such refined education, contributing no less to public good than to private happiness. A man, who at present must degrade himself into a fop or a coxcomb, in order to please the women, would soon discover, that their favour is not to be gained but by exerting every manly talent in public and private life; and the two sexes, instead of corrupting each other, would be rivals in the race of virtue. Mutual esteem would be to each a school of urbanity; and mutual desire of pleasing would give smoothness to their behaviour, delicacy to their sentiments, and tenderness to their passions. Married women in particular, destined by nature to take the lead in educating their children, would no longer be the greatest obstruction to good education, by their ignorance, frivolity, and disorderly manner of living.

Even upon the breast, infants are susceptible of impressions; and the mother hath opportunities without end of instilling into them good principles, before they are fit for a male tutor. Coriolanus, who made a capital figure in the Roman republic, never returned from war without meriting marks of distinction. Others behaved valiantly, in order to acquire glory: He behaved valiantly in order to give pleasure to his mother. The delight she took in hearing him praised, and her weeping for joy in his embraces, made him, in his own opinion, the happiest person in the universe. Epaminondas accounted it his greatest felicity, that his father and mother were still alive to behold his conduct, and to enjoy his victory at Leuctra. In a Latin dialogue about the causes that corrupted the Roman eloquence, injudiciously ascribed to Tacitus, because obviously it is not his style, the method of education in Rome, while it flourished as a commonwealth, is described in a lively manner. We shall endeavour to give the sense in English, because it chiefly concerns the fair sex. 'In that age, children were suckled, not in the hut of a mercenary nurse, but by the chaste mother that bore them. Their education during nonage was in her hands; and it was her chief care to instil into them every virtuous principle. In her presence, a loose word, or an improper action, were strictly prohibited. She superintended not only their serious studies, but even their amusements; which were conducted with decency and moderation.'

In that manner the Gracchi, educated by Cornelia their mother, and Augustus, by Attia his mother, appeared in public with untainted minds; fond of glory, and prepared to make a figure in the world.'

In the expedition of the illustrious Bertrand du Gueselin against Peter the cruel king of Castile, the Governor of a town, upon being summoned to give it up, made the following answer, 'That they might be conquered, but would never tamely yield; that their fathers had taught them to prefer a glorious death before a dishonourable life; and their mothers had not only educated them in these sentiments, but were ready to put in practice the lessons they had inculcated.

Let the most profound politician say, what more efficacious incentive there can be to virtue and manhood, than the behaviour of the Spartan matrons, flocking to the temples, and thanking the Gods, that their husbands and sons had died gloriously fighting for their country. In the war between Lacedemon and Thebes, the Lacedemonians having behaved ill, the married men, as Plutarch reports, were so ashamed of themselves, that they durst not look their wives in the face. What a glorious prize is here exhibited to be contended for by the female sex!

By such refined education, love would take on a new form, that which nature inspires for making us happy, and for softening the distresses of chance; it would fill deliciously the whole soul with tender amity, and mutual confidence. The union of a worthy man with a frivolous woman can never, with all the advantages of fortune, be made comfortable: How different the union of a virtuous pair, who have no aim but to make each other happy! Between such a pair emulation is reversed, by an ardent desire in each to be surpassed by the other.

FORCED MATCH.

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but, in so rigorous a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look out, promising if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished. The Spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, he ran immediately to the protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver in a rage hastened to the chamber; and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked, what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness! I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." The protector turning to the young woman cried, "What's the meaning of this, huzzy? why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him." Sayest thou so, my lass?" cried Cromwell; "call Godwin; this business will be done presently, before I go out of the room." Mr. White was

gone too far to go back; his brother parson came: Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with the money she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

THE DEATH OF ARTHO:

AN ANCIENT GALIC POEM.

[*From Smith's Galic Antiquities.*]

The Argument.

Ardar, lamenting the Loss of his Son Calmar, is informed of the Death of his other Son Artho, as he looked for his Return from Battle. Farno, the Son of Arman, comforts him, by relating to him the gallant Behaviour of his Son. He informs him also of his own Passion for Colval, who had been in Love with Artho. Her Death is related; with the despair of Farno: and the Poem concludes with some Reflections of Ardar upon their Fate, and upon his own Situation.

SAD are the thoughts while alone! Thy memory, comes with all its grief, on my soul; Calmar chief of heroes. Thou wast a sun-beam to thy friends in peace; a flash of lightning to thy foes in war. My son rushed like a whirlwind to the battle: many a young oak has been strewed in this troubled path. The return of his renown was like the sun when it sets. The heart of the aged, over him, was glad; I blessed the mighty in battle.

But, Calmar! thou art now no more; and the sun that shone in the house of thy father is set. Fuardo was a storm that seized my early sun; in one morning he extinguished all his beams. Darkness, since that day dwells in Ardlia; for Artho is but a faint star, beside the light of his brother. Yet thou, my son, art also brave. But ah! thy arm may fail in the first of thy battles; for thy father cannot defend thee. I attempt to lift the spear, but I fall to earth, when it does not support me. I attempt to lift the shield, but my knees tremble under its burthen. O that I saw my only son return, in the midst of his renown, from battle!

But who comes in the beauty of youth, and stately as an oak of the mountain? His fair locks, like leaves, are waving around him. He is of the race of Arman; from the battle of the spears he comes. Hail, thou beam of youth! whence are thy wandering steps? Art thou from the battle of heroes? Say, does Artho live; does he return to his grey-haired father? But why should I ask; thy mournful looks tell me that he is now no more. Soon hast thou left me, my son, in darkness. Artho, shall I no more behold thee? Calmar is gone; Artho is low; O that I too had been with my children! In the evening of life I am left without a son; like a blasted oak that is left alone in Malmor. The breeze shall descend from the mountain, and the blast shall blow from the desert; but no green leaf of mine shall either meet. The showers of the spring shall come, but no bough of mine shall flourish; the sun shall smile through the drops of dew, but no green branch of mine shall behold it. The wind whistles in my grey mossy head; its voice is, 'Thou shalt soon be low.' One comfort is all I expect before then; tell me, son of youth, how fell my son?

'Without his fame thy son did not fall in battle; the mighty marked, with wonder, his course, as he strode in the midst of foes. Like the thunder that breaks the groves! like the lightning that lays low their green heads, when sudden bursting it spreads terror, and again returns; so fought so fell thy hero. The foes were troubled at the sight of Artho; they fled, they fell. Death from the hand of Artho roared behind them, like the rolling of a rock from Malmor, when it crushes the trees in its course, till it sink in the lake below them. Such were thy deeds, son of fame! But the arrow of death came in the blast; and the people are sad, for mighty was he that is low.'

Pleasant to me is thy tale, son of Arman; it is like the beam that dispels the clouds of night. Thou hast fought like thy fathers in the battles of youth, O Artho! and thy name, like theirs, shall be found in the song. When the valiant fall, a streak of light behind them is their fame; their friends behold the beam, and are glad. But the feeble die, and are remembered no more; their friends are beheld with scorn by mighty men. They walk in the silent valley alone, and shun the eye of heroes.

But son of Arman, why that sigh! why these wandering looks! Hast thou lost a brother of love; or is thy soul troubled for the spouse of thy youth?

Nor have I lost a brother of love: nor have I a spouse that longs for my return from the battle. My sighs are for the fair of Carnmore; for her my wandering looks. My thoughts are of her in the day; of her are my dreams by night. But her soul is full of Artho. She saw the youth move to battle, and sad was her troubled soul. She came to the hill, and followed him far with her looks. Her mournful eye was wet, and her sighs were heard by secret streams. 'On this cold rock,' she said, 'I will sit, till Artho of love return.'—I am come to meet the sun-beam of my soul. But the rock is dark; no beam of light it nigh it. The rock, without Colval, is dark; but darker still is my soul with all its grief, for I see not the steps of my love. I see not her that was fairer than the down of the mountain, or the new-fallen snow on the waving tree.—But who comes from Malmor with disordered looks? It is she,—it is my love: but ah! how changed! Pale is her cheek, and wild her looks; she has heard that her beloved is low. But hark! she speaks.

COLVAL.

What detains thee, O Artho? ere now thou didst promise to return. Ill-boding thoughts distract my soul. Should thou fall, my love, can I suvive thee, and wander on the dark mountains lonely? No: tear the ivy from the oak, tear the eagle from her dun-robed prey, and tear the offspring from its parent of love; but tear not my soul from Artho.—But who is it I see? Is it my love returning from the battle? Ah! no; it is the son of Arman. Trouble me not, O Farno; I cannot love thee. What hast thou done with Artho? Will my love return no more; is he low in the strife of steel? Yes, he is low; I see his robe in the passing mist. Leave me not, O Artho; leave not thy love; for she too comes on her cloud. Not hills, with all their deer, nor mossy streams, with all their roes, can give joy to Colval, when thou are gone. Artho, I come; O leave me not, my love!

FARNO.

Ah! she falls; she faints; she dies away.—And art thou gone, fairest of maids? In thee alone did my soul delight, though thy heart was fixed on Artho, Thou art gone, and what charms has life to me? No, farewel to all the delights of youth; farewel to all the joys of life. Farewel, ye hills of Carnmore*! and farewel, ye mossy towers of Ardlia: Colval is gone, and pleasure is no more to me. I rush back to the field of death, and open my breast to some feeble steel. There Colval I shall see again.

* So great was the attachment of the ancient Caledonians to their hills, which supplied them with the means of subsistence at so easy a rate, that we often find them not only taking a solemn farewel of them at death, but also imagining that a part of their future happiness consisted in seeing and travelling over those scenes, which in life afforded them so much pleasure.

ARDAR.

Blessed may you be, children of youth! lovely were your souls; but why so soon departed? Happy the young, who die in the days of their joy. They feel not the burthen of years; they see not the days of trouble; days in which the sun on the mountains is dim; and dark years creep slowly on the heath of mourning. Slow rolls the tide of years to me, O my fathers! Why do I wander on Ardlia, when my race hath failed? Come, ye fathers of Ardar! convey me to the place where the sons of my love repose. Is that your voice I hear in the breeze? Yes, and I go in the rushing of your course; in the fold of your wandering blast I go. There Artho and Calmar I shall see again; and sad and alone I shall be no more.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE

BANIAN HOSPITALS.

THE Banians, a people subject to the Mogul, and inhabitants of the province of Guzurat, in India, support at Surat, a Hospital for cows, horses, goats, and other animals that are sick, lame, or too old for service. They believe in the *metempsychois*, or transmigration of souls; and as every one imagines he sees his parent in a dog or a horse, it is that which renders them so charitable to animals. Thus when a man can no longer derive any servive from his cow or his ox, and in order to spare the expense of feeding it, and to feed himself with its flesh, he is about to take away its life, it is not difficult to find some pious Banian, who will buy the animal, sometimes at a high price, and endow a bed for it in this hospital, where it is well attended, and well treated during the natural term of its life.

They have also founded, in the same city, a hospital for fleas, lice, bugs, and all the other species of animals which are nourished by the blood of man. To regale them from time to time, and give them the nourishment which allures them, a beggar is hired to pass a night upon a bed in this hospital, but in the fear that he will disturb their repast, by removing them with his hands, or that pain will oblige him to retire before the animals are satiated, they have the precaution to secure him in such a manner, that nothing can trouble them in their festival.

The Banians dare not light a fire or a candle in the night, lest the flies or other winged insects should fly into it and be burned. They dare not even empty stale water upon the ground, for fear of annoying the fleas and other little animals it might encounter. Some cover their mouth with a thin cloth, to prevent flies from getting in; others carry a small broom in their hand, to sweep the chamber, or brush the seats, lest in walking, or in seating themselves, they should unhappily crush some of these little insects.

FEMALE MAGNANIMITY.

It was a beatiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for being deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, "She had hid him." This confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from the torture. "And will that do," said the lady. "Yes," says the king, "I give you my word for it." "Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart where you'll find him."—

CLERICAL SPIES.

An eccentric divine at Bristol some years ago was much complained against by his parishioners, for the ridiculous manner of his preaching, and the personal remarks which he often made in his sermons. The archdeacon and bishop's chaplin were directed to go secretly to his church, and to bring a faithful report to his lordship. They did not, however manage matters so well but that the parson got scent of their errand. Being never at a loss, he took for his text Gen. xlii. 9. "*Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land you are come.*" The sermon was so ingenious and connected, that a good report was carried to the bishop, and the parson triumphed over his enemies.

THE ASSENTING NOD.

A Monk that had intruded into the chamber of a nobleman who was at the point of death, and had lost his speech, continued crying out, "My lord will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery? It will be for the good of your soul." The Peer at each question, nodded his head. The Monk on this turned round to his son and heir, who was in the room,—"You see, Sir, my lord your father gives his assent to my request." To this the son made no reply,—but turning to his father, asked him, "Is it your will Sir, that I should kick the Monk down stairs?" The nod of assent was given, and the permission put in force with hearty good will.

FEW WORDS ARE BEST.

Louis XIV. loved a concise style, and in the following instance he had an example of it. When he was once travelling into the country, he met a priest riding post, and ordering him to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you,—where are you going,—what do you want?" The priest knew the king's disposition, and instantly replied—"From Bruges—to Paris—a benefice."—"You shall have it," replied the monarch, and in a few days presented him to a valuable living.

Philadelª, *Dec.* 22, 1804.

THANKSGIVING.

At a meeting of the clergy of several denominations in this city, it has been agreed to recommend Tuesday the 1st day of January next, to be observed as a day of public thanksgiveng in all their churches, for preservation from the pestilence the last season.

DISTRESSING FIRE!

A fire more extensive and injurious than has happened for many years, occured early last Tuesday morning in the city of New York, by which the block, on the south side of Coffee-house slip, including the old Coffee-house, and extending along Water-street to the water, was consumed, with the exception of two or three houses on the lane. It also communicated across coffee-house slip, by means of flying brands, and destroyed a considerable number of buildings, which were chiefly of wood. Many stores, containing a valuable property of brandy and other liquors, as also East and West-India goods to a very large amount, were, with their contents, entirely consumed.

The loss of property and houses is estimated at more than two millions of dollars. Bailey & Burget's fire-proof store containing an extremely valuable collection of East-India goods, was destroyed, not even the books saved; as also that of J. A. Wheaton. The fire having crossed the slip, proceeded up Wall-street, and stopped at A. Stuarts & Co's. fire-proof store. It communicated to the shipping, but with very little damage. The rigging of a Spanish brig suffered most injury.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. *Samuel Griffing* to Miss *Ann Savage*, all of this city.

—— Same evening by the Rev. Mr. Lemuel Green, Mr. *Benjamin Shane* to Miss *Elizabeth Miller*, all of this city.

Subscribers will please to take notice, that the last payment of 25 cents will be collected by the carriers on Saturday next.

Subscribers at a distance are earnestly solicited immediately to forward their payments for this volume.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENILE SCRAPS.—No. VII.

THE MOON.

NOW, on her throne, that rolls on high,
Along the star-bespangled sky,
The MOON, Night's queen, in silver drest,
Follows the Evening down the west.
Far as the eye the prospect lures,
Not one small cloud the sky obscures;
All round, the arching hemisphere
From vapour and from mist is clear.
Hush'd are the murmurs of the plains:
And such unwonted stillness reigns,
That Zephyr scarce is heard along
The meadows, or the groves among.
What pleasing contrast meets the sight!
Yon crescent, of the purest white,
Soft-gliding thro' th' etherial hue,
More beauteous makes the deepen'd blue,
While heav'n's clear azure's rich expanse
The crescent's beauty seems t' advance.
Around, fair *Cynthia's* lustre spreads,
Dispersing Evening's sombre shades;
O'er Nature throws a robe of light,
And turns to mimic day the night.
While vales a ling'ring twilight fills,
Emergent seem to rise the hills;
Whose summits cloth'd with radiance bright,
As "tipt with silver," charm the sight.
How fair, how lovely, how serene,
How beautiful, this rural scene!
Not the most skilful limner's hand,
That other subjects might command,
Could so delineate each grace
Which this delightful view displays,
As *half* its beauties to impart,
By all the force of all his art.
No—th' impressive pow'r to charm,
The heart inspire, the fancy warm,
Bear the rapt soul her sphere beyond,
Or plunge in thought's abyss profound,
(To man's ability unknown)
Resides in Nature's self alone.
O! that I could (as I pursue
Her works thus bright'ning on my view)
Description's magic plume display
And all in colourings just portray,
How vivid would the picture shine,
With grace and force in ev'ry line!
In others' breasts what feelings flow,
Like those which in my bosom glow!

Hail, radiant regent, Night's fair queen,
Enthron'd in majesty serene!
Tho' short thine intermitted reign,
How dost thou cheer the rustic swain,
When, from the labours of the day,
He homeward bends his weary way!
His lov'd and loving family,
All anxious his return to see,
Prepare for him the viands best,
And, with caresses, make him blest.
When in the west departing day
Is sunk, how grateful is thy ray,
(Thy milder ray) to those who love
The fragrant lawn or breezy grove,—
Whether by fond affection warm'd,
Or friendship's conversation charm'd
Lighted by thy benignant beam,
Pleasure and joy's united gleam
Illumes their countenance, and shows
The bliss that in each bosom glows.
When Night extends her gloomy reign
Over the billowy, trackless main,
The cheerless mariner surveys
(With kindred gloom) surrounding seas:
Then, as thy coming he awaits,
(Which shades and darkness dissipates)
How joyfully he sees thee rise,
And spread thy radiance round the skies!
As thy bright orb ascending, leaves
Th' horizon, shining on the waves,
The undulating waters seem
Like liquid silver 'neath thy gleam,
Till the broad surface of the main
Reflect to heav'n thy light again.
But welcome thou, more welcome far
To the benighted traveller,
When in some dreary wild alone,
Or lost in foreign lands unknown;
Exultant, he beholds thy face
Beaming serenity and grace;
Thy smiles with rapt'rous joy are trac'd,
That cheer the unfrequented waste:
How does he bless thy friendly ray,
That points to him his destin'd way,
And frees from doubt, dismay, affright,
And all the horrors of the night!

But lo! now verging to decline,
Thy setting beams but faintly shine;
Thy crescent yellowish lustre spreads
Among Night's closely-following shades;
Thy shadows lengthen o'er the plain;
And she, as envying thy fair reign,
Seems hast'ning to expand her robe
Of darkness over half the globe.
Alas! I mourn thy setting ray,
Thus gliding from my view away.
'Tis so with all the gifts of love
And blessings from our GOD above:
We seldom prize them till they leave
Our listlessness their loss to grieve;
And when they're flown, we fruitless mourn,
For ah! they never more return.

But, as the scenes of nature give
Instructive lessons how to live,
May I the present view convert
T' improvement of my mind and heart.
Oft may thy radiant, beateous face
Remind me of IMMANUEL's grace,
Around whose awful, glorious head,
The light of countless moons was shed,
When, bursting the sepulchral'd earth,
He gave bright resurrection birth.
Oh! may I glow with love divine
To him whose beams of mercy shine,
Like thine, on Nature's children all
On favor'd earth's revolving ball.
In this respect, I pray to be,
Enapress serene! resembling thee—
Thou dost thy borrow'd light bestow
(As 'twas design'd) for good below:
So, may I use heav'n's gifts while here,
According to my destin'd sphere;
So, may all talents to me lent,
In doing good to all, be spent,
So, may my virtues all combine
And *to my* MAKER's *glory shine.*

JUNIO.

SONNET TO HOPE.

CELESTIAL *Maid*, whose eye serene
Beams through *misfortune's* low'ring shade,
And shews beyond the gloomy scene,
Prosperity's long-wish'd for glade—

Reveal the *prospect* to my sight,
But not illusive as the ray,
The luring *vapor* of the *night*,
Which stedfast seems, still flies away.

But let me gain the *happy shore*—
The rugged path which I have trod,
Proves me, the heavy journey o'er
Deserving of a softer sod.

LINES.

Written on the Sea Shore.

THOU pallid orb, that cheer'st the sky,
Now countless myriads, round, attendant gleam;
I love to hail thy gentle presence, nigh,
And trace o'er yonder wave, thy cloudless beam.

Thus, while I brave life's unremitting storm,
Do thou, soft Hope, my rising tears controul;
Pierce thro' the gloom, which deepest sorrow form;
Illume the wave, that would o'erwhelm my soul.